NOTES OF THE CONVENTION.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS THAT MAKE THE MEETING INTERESTING.

Difficulty of Opening the Proceedings With Prayer When a Brass Band Wants to Perform at the Same Time -Temporary Chairman Thomas's Peculiar Style of Oratory - A Methodist and a Baptist Preacher Have a Little Joke Over Bryan-Jim Ham Lewis Gets in the Convention-Troubles of the Officers - A Drunken Man's Enthusiasm.

KANSAS CITY, July 4 .- The preacher who opened the convention this morning had a mighty hard time getting through with his prayer. He had hardly begun when one of he unofficial bands took it into its head to get into the hall. It was a band from Indiana, and it proposed to show Kansas City folks and from everywhere else on earth that indiana had a musical piece of its own. The people from every musical piece of its own. The Indiana had a musical piece of its own. The Indiana had a musical piece of its own. The minute the leader was inside the door he gave the signal and the thirty or forty wind instruments began to toot 'The Sycamores along truments began to toot 'The Sycamores along the wabiash. The preacher prayed on prayely but it was tough work. Not a word he said could be heard. There was a chorus, "Shs," could be heard. There was a chorus, "Shs," it is all over the hall, and people in the hall near the band yelled for it to stop, but when a Hoosier band gets loose playing a Hoosier tone you misht as well try to stop a cyclone. The Sycamores Along the Wabash" played on while the preacher prayed sturdily. At last, just as the band reached the entrance to the roof garden, the tune was finished. The band was choked off before it started a freshoue, but when the prayer was over it whooped up the "Sycamores" again, and then the Indiana delegation leaped up and, with waving lars, shouted and yelled until they had very little voice left.

Gov. Thomas, the temporary chairman of the convention, is rather long, rather thin, rather baid and rather near-sighted. He is of up to the standard. His speech was long, very likely it was interesting, but there were not 200 people in the whole hall who heard two sentences of it consecutively. Now and then you could hear a whole sentence, but the next one would be wafted away by the south breeze and that "...ould be the end of it. He peat his speec" and a man reading always talks faster the when he speaks from memory or extemiorate outly. He seemed to realize that it was iong and he was anxious to get through with it. The result was that even if his voice had been big enough to fill the hall his words were so run together that they could not have been understood. One of Gov. Thomas's peculiarities is that when he goes to emphasize a sentence he springs up and down on his toes and his voice wabbles with his operations so that a part of a word may be loud and a part unintelligible. Mayor Rose of Milwanske, who was a candidate for temporary chairman, has a much better voice than that of Gov. Thomas. Mayor Rose was beaten by Gov. Thomas by a few votes. To-day he had the consolation of escorting the man who had licked him to the platform. next one would be wafted away by the south

The convention had not been in session very long to-day when the Rhode Island delegation arrived headed by a banner: "We are for Bryan arrived headed by a banner; we are for Bryan and Lentz of Ohio." Mr. Lentz's boom, if the reception the banner received, was any criterion, is just about the size of the State of Rhode Island that carried it. There wasn't as much as peep from any of the delegates. The banner passed in unacknowledged, but not unnoticed.

Even the preachers have their little sport out here occasionally. Two of them attended the convention to-day, one was a Baptist and the other was a Methodist. Said the Baptist preacher to the Methodist: "I suppose you know that Bryan has turned Baptist?" "No," gasped

that Bryan has turned Baptist?" "No," gasped the Methodist preacher, "that can't be."
"Nevertheless, that's true," said the Baptist.
"Oh, no," said the Methodist preacher recovering himself, "no, that can't be true. Why, to be a Baptist, you have got to be totally immersed, haven't you?"
"Certainly," said the Baptist,
"Well, then, it can't be true," said the Methodist. "Do you suppose that Mr. Bryan would consent to disappear from the popular view that long?"

There are delegates from two parts of the country who are red hot for expansion. These men are from California and the Pacific slope States who see in the new American possessions wonderfully increased business for their States and the others are from the South. The people in the South are expansionists, so the delegates said to-day, because they want a market in Asia for their cotton and because they are Americans and they want to see America take her proper place among the nations of the world.

cal or any other kind of a convention, is the man who thinks it funny always to prevent anything being unanimous. When a whole convention stands up and roars "Aye," and the chairman in a perfunctory manner says: "Those opposed, no," this idiot always bawls "No." While he is never absent, it is very seldom that there is ever more than one of him at a convention, no matter how big it is. There was just one at this convention to-day, and when Chairman Jones put the question on the approval of the National Committee's selection for temporary officers, this one crank with a fog horn voice bawled "No." He got a laugh, as he always does.

The Hon. J. Ham Lewis got in on the ground floor to-day, whiskers and all, and brought his boom with him. This is in spite of the fact that the man who holds the proxy of the national committeeman of Washington cabbaged all the tickets intended for the delegates and refused to give any to J. Ham's men. J. Ham came in at a side entrance and when he was directly opposite the chairman's seat, he made a flying leap upon the platform and plumped himself down amid a bunch of femnine posies that made that side of the platform pleasant to look upon. The ladies all welcomed J. Ham and J. Ham welcomed them and told them about his boomlet.

The maddest man in Kansas City to-day probably was the Hon. Harry West, President f the far-famed Gridiron Club of Washington. Mr. West is on the staff of the Washington Post. As has been stated in THE SUN. the man who had to apportion the seats for the newspaper men was Mr. G. M. Hitchcock of the Omaha World-Herald, which is Bryan's organ and of which Bryan himself used to be the editor. Mr. Hitchcock, besides being an editor, is a candidate for United States Sen-Nebraska against Hayward. Mr. Hitchcock prides himself on what he knows about newspapers as well as what he knows about politics. When he picked up the application of the Washington Post, Mr. Hitch-"Washington Post? Never heard of it. That

must be a paper of no consequence."
"The Washington Post," said one of Mr. Hitch-ceck's friends; "why that is Beriah W.Wilkins's

cock's friends; "why that is Beriah W.Wilkins's paper."

Wilkins." said Mr. Hitchcock, running his fingers through his hair. "Never heard of him either: who's he?"

"Why, you must know the Washington Post." said his friend again. "That's the paper that Frank Hatton used to write for."

"Oh, said Mr. Hitchcock, "oh, that paper." and after this explanation was made Mr. West succeeded in getting a ticket to the convention and a seat back in the suburbs somewhere.

banner was that from Arizona. The banner was of blue silk, and on it was printed in golden letters the sentence: "We favor Statehood for the Territories'-nit. Plank, St. Louis, '96,' The Anzonans had this banner on a long pole and they fastened tightly to their State standard, where it cut off the vigw of a lot of people who wanted to see what was going on on the platform. The sentence referred to a plank in the Republican platform four years ago.

While Mr. Hitchcock of the Omnha World-Her ald had never heard of the Hon. Beriah Wilkins's Washington Post, it is evident to-day that he had heard of the Wapwallopy Sentinel, the Oktahama Boomer, the Communipaw Clarion and the Bungwille Storter, for the representatives of all of these Bryan organs had choice seats in the convention hall.

At this convention for the second time in recorded history a threat was made to clear the galleries. At National Conventions it is perfectly legitimate for people to make a noise when they are making the noise in the interest of any one man it is particularly their right to keep it up until they get good and tired. After the Hill demonstration to-day the tem-

After the uproar over Senator Hill was quieted a man up by the front rail in one of the galleries nearly started another demonstration all on his own account. He was well dressed, good looking, and about 50 years old and it was said he had been cooling off with a superfluous abundance of mint juleps or some other seductive summer beverage. The deafening noise for Hill apparently had inspired him with a desire to have some more excitement of the same sort. He leaned far over the rail and, waving his hat in a wide sweeping circle, began shouting "hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" He was hurrahing for anything and anybody. He was just hurrahing. His voice had a fog horn timbre that at once asserted supremacy over all other laurels in that end of the hall.

asserted supremacy over all other laurels in that end of the hall.

Something like a solid quarter of an acre of people looked around for a moment bewildered. Then they caught sight of the hurraher. He kept at it without intermission. There were one or two shouts of "Put him out," but they got no encouragement. The audience was altogether too good natured to take a plain case of drunk in any other way than humorously. There were cries of "Louder," "Louder," from all quarters. Those near the drunken man were roaring with laughter and were egging him on. A tall, bearded man, with a wide hat, who looked as though he might hall from Texas, snatched a bright-colored sun umbrella from somebody's hand and, opening it, held it over the drunk's head. Another man got a bottle of beer from somewhere and held it before his face. That was the only thing that silenced him. He selzed the beer bottle, glued its nozzle to his lips and threw his head back while the beer trickled down his throat and all over his chin and shirt front. He could not hurrah any more, but he went through the pantomime of waving his hat above his head while the audience yelled with delight. Before he could break loose again somebody caught him by the shoulders and hustled him back out of sight.

Bryan's Bust, Declaration of Independence

and "Star-Spangled Banner" in a Jumble. KANSAS CITY, July 4. -- Of course the feature of the morning session of the convention was intended to be the solemn reading of the Declaration of Independence. A resolution had been prepared providing for the reading of the Declaration and it was read and the question put by the temporary chairman. The motion was carried. At just that moment two husky men climbed up on the platform each with a big bundle in his arms wrapped in the American flag. The general idea was that these men had got a copy of the original Declaration somewhere and had had it engraved on stone and were bringing it in to be read. They were welcomed curiously. The first of the two put his bundle down on the floor, end up. The second of the two put his bundle on top of the first bundle, also end up, and then he took out some pins and let fall the flag that wrapped them. Then came into view a white plaster bust of the "Boy Orator of the Platte." Instantly there was a tremendous yell. Some of the women folks said, "Who is it?" and some of the more enthusiastic women yelled, "That's the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence."

It was some time before everybody recognized that it was the image of the "cheerless leader" that was on the pedestal, and then there were cries of "Turn him around! turn around!"from those who had seats back of the platform. A sergeant-at-arms with Jim Ham Lewis whiskers was obliging. Walking over to the statue, he grabbed it by the base and by the back of the head and turned it slowly first one way and then the other. The yells of "Turn it around! turn it around!" continued The sergeant-at-arms turned it again. As he turned the bust toward the south he pushed forward the hand that held the head and made the figure bow; as he turned it to the west he made it bow again; as he turned it to the north again he made it bow, just like the showman makes Mr. Punch bow after as has banged Mrs. Judy over the head and out of sight. When this sergeant-at-arms had finished making the plaster Bryan greet the crowd and had made his way down a blond-haired lady who had occupied an inconspicuous place on the platform was assisted up to a seat directly behind

occupied an inconspicuous place on the platform was assisted up to a seat directly behind the Senator Jones and directly behind the bust.

"Who is she?" asked everybody.

"Robespierre's goddess of reason," suggested one man's solemn voice.

The woman was Miss Mattle Edyle Bowen, of Fulton, N. Y., who was to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" after the Declaration had been read. But to get back to the reading of the Declaration itself, that was done by a clerk who was fully impressed with the importance of his job. He had studied the Declaration so that he had it almost completely memorized and he declaimed it in a manner that thoroughly deceived many of the delegates and most of the audience. When the reading was half through, many of the delegates whispered: "Who is that speaking now?"

One Indianian said: "Who did you say it was speaking?"

When he was informed that it was a man reading the Declaration of Independence, he said:

"Doing what? Why, that ain't the Declaration of Independence, is it?"

"That's the Declaration," said his informant.

"Well, gee," said the Indianian, "I wish I

claration of Independence, is it?"

"That's the Declaration," said his informant.

"Well, gee," said the Indianian, "I wish I had listened to the first part of it."

With mighty gestures this secretary continued to declaim until he had finished the document. Then there was mild applause. The singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" was to have been a tremendous feature, too, but the acoustic properties of this convention hall do not appear to be as fine as they might be, and while the voice of the young woman who sang it was good and strong and full, in the big place it sounded weak and canary-bird like. She sang it well, but her voice did not come anywhere near filling the hall. Then she had hardly begun on the second verse when an unofficial brass band made up its mind to divide attention with her and started tooting "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." The band, however, tired before the singer. When it came to the chorus of the verse somebody yelled, "Help her out, boys!" and the whole crowd started in to sing "And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave."

The strains of this had hardly died out when from up in the gallery back of the platform the twenty-five living schoolboy advertisements of one of Mr. Bryan's organs announced in tones that they were from that Empire State and were advertising that paper. Right on top of that there came more howls for "Hill! Hill!

Hill:
Altogether, whatever else may be said in

of that there came more howls for "Hill! Hill!

Hill:"

Altogether, whatever else may be said in this particular, it was a time of action. It was followed by the tremendous demonstration for ex-Senator David B. Hill.

In the midst of the demonstration there was a tremendous commotion in the Maryland delegation. The Maryland delegation was taking some part in the Hill demonstration, so when a tall man rose from the delegation and began to roar in a very loud voice that nobody could hear and to gesticulate and grow red in the face the chairman and every one else had an idea he was saying something about the demonstration. Be 'climbed upon the standard of his State and roared and shook his fist and he kept it up and it did not come out until after the demonstration was over that he was offering a resolution giving a vote of thanks to the young women who sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," and making a speech in support of that resolution, asserting that it was peculiarly appropriate that such a resolution should come from the State of Maryland because the "Star-Spangled Banner" was written in Maryland.

Bryan's Daughter Comes to See Him Named. After the Hill demonstration to-day the temporary chairman of the convention made a little speech in which he said that if there was any more noise or disturbance of the proceedings in the galleries, he would have them cleared. He spoke particularly at twenty-five living school or advertisements, and he said that if they opened their mouths or words to that effect, he would have them gut out. His unterance recalled a scene at the Chicago Convention four years ago when Sergeant-at-Aross John I. Martin took the

This action was taken on the advice of the Silver Republican National Committee, and was the result of the conference which was held on Tuesday by Chairman Jones of the Democratic National Committee, Senator Teller of the Silver Republicans, Senator Pettigrew for the Populists and a number of other statesmen representing the Democrats and their allies, as the Silver Republicans and the Populists call themselves. The committee was also authorized to talk the whole situation over with a committee of the Democratic convention and the Pops and to recommend action. Whatever its suggestions may be, it is safe to say that they will be followed out to the letter by the convention, which is almost as wildly enthusiastic for Col. Bryan as it is for Mr. Towns, whose name was greeted with cheers whenever was mentioned.

The convention is sitting in the Auditorium Theatre. The seating capacity of the orchestra and first balcony is about one thousand persons and when noon arrived to-day, the nour at which the delegates were to be called o order, nearly every seat was occupied. There were delegates from seventeen States and two Territories, and as the afternoon passed delegations arrived from other States until the otal represented was about twenty-five. The States whose delegations were in their seats at noon were Arkansas, California, which had the front at the right of the stage; Colorado, whose Senator, Henry M. Teller, who bolted the Republican convention at St. Louis in 1996, was slated for temporary chairman; Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah and the Territories of Indian Territory and Oklahoma.

The delegates seated themselves in flagdraped chairs about the boxes. On the walls were American flags and strips of bunting n profusion. The stage was draped with the national colors; on one side of it was the portrait of Col. Bryan and the delegates as hey arrived pointed to it admiringly. On the other side was the portrait of Mr. Towne, who was himself busy arranging the prelimi nary work of the convention while the delegates were arriving. The delegates caught ight of Mr. Towne and of his portrait at about the same time and none of them neglected to give a cheer or else to shout out "Hurrah for Towne," as they made their way to their seats. In the rear of the stage was the portrait of Abraham Lincoln, whose true followers the Silver Republicans maintain themelves to be. Each delegate wore a big blue badge on which was inscribed in silver "Silver Republican Delegate." These badges were pinned to the wearer's coats with medallion portraits of Lincoln. Most of the delegates iso were red silk badges bearing the names of Bryan and Towne and buttons with the Minnesota ex-Republican's picture on them.

There were a number of women among the elegates and a few young men, but the mafority of those in the auditorium were men past middle life, whose hair was gray or abent, and who wore long and venerable beards. Senator Teller, who was on the scene early. was much sought by the delegates, all of whom wanted to shake him by the hand and advise him as to the proper action for the convention to take. Many of the gray-haired delegates confessed that they were a bit hard of hearing and besieged Gen. E. D. Corser, the Treas urer of the National Committee, to provide front seats for them, so that they should not miss any of the details of what was said on the platform.

The Minnesota delegation had promised to bring along a band to furnish music during the convention, so the National Committee made no arrangements to supply one from Kansas City. The train on which the delegation and its band came in was an hour late, so n the afternoon there was nothing to amuse the delegates except the situation. They were sure that Towne was to gobble up all of the nomination for Vice-President that had not been awarded already and they wanted to have him speak. Every little while some delegate would yell for Towne. Instantly the cry would be taken up all over the house. Mr. Towne was very busy holding conferences and he had no time for speechmaking, so he would ignore the yells for him and his friends would run around through the house begging the delegates not to kill Mr. Towne at the outset by making him speak all the time, but to give him an opportunity to live so that he could fill the office of Vice-President, "to which, with the help of God, we will elect him," declared one man who was trying to save the candidate's

After it became apparent that Mr. Towne could not be prevailed upon to speak the delegates clamored for Senator Teller, Mr. Hartmann and Mr. Van Vorhis. All of these declined the invitation and at length the dele-gates became so impatient it was announced that there would be a delay of only ten minites longer and that this delay was made because the Minnesota delegation, headed by the convention band, was then on its way from he station. This served to keep the delegate

quiet until the band arrived.

When it reached the hall it was at the head of a procession of Towne men who had brought their lungs with them. The band went up in the gallery. The delegates filed down on the floor. The Minnesota Travelling Men's Club, whose members wore silver silk badges eighteen inches long, bore a big oil-painted banner or which were the pictures of Bryan and Towne This was set up at the back of the stage facing big oil-painted banner of Col. Bryan, which had been set up in the middle of the orchestra. As soon as the Minnesota contingent got to As soon as the similation of their places Mr. Towns started in to call the convention to order. Before he got an opportunity to do so John Brady of Minneapolis, one of the ablest poets in that city, Jumped up on a chair and demanded that every man from Minnesota should join in chanting:

Towne, Towne, Towne, he will turn the cowboy down. You want to remember, he'll skin him in November, Towne, Towne, Towne, Towne.

The Minneaota men yelled this with a great deal of enthusiasm. When they had got quiet Mr. Towne started in to open the convention again. Before he could do so A. W. Stubbs, one of the prominent verse-founders of Kansas City, got on the stage and yelled this at the convention:

Who are the men of great renown? William Bryan and Charles A. Towne, That's the ticket gold cannot down. Then give three cheers for Bryan and Towne.

That's the ticket gold cannot down.

Then Mr. Towne banged with the gavel made of elm from a tree planted by Lincoln and a piece of a plank from the Lincoln dining room. The delegates made one more demonstration of their devotion to Mr. Towne and then permitted him to speak. He introduced the Rev. Dr. Bigelow of Cincinnati, who offered prayer. Dr. Bigelow's prayer was that right and justice might prevail among the rulers of all nations. Here is a sentence from it. "In the name of eternal justice we ask of you only that measure of liberty which we are willing to accord to our weakest neighbors." When Dr. Bigelow uttered this nine-tenths of the men in the convention began to cheer, and it was fully a minute before the clergyman could proceed. When he concluded his invocation there were no amens, but in their place there was a great burst of observing. This cheering was more like that which follows the fall of the curtain on a melodramatic tableau than anything else. It rose and fell and nearly died away and then broke out afresh, as though the delegates wanted to have the clergyman

than anything else. It rose and fell and nearly died away and then broke out afresh, as though the delegates wanted to have the clergyman repeat himself. Dr. Bigelow looked rather surprised. An Illinois man got up at once and proposed that the convention adopt a vote of thanks to the minister "who had made such a magnificent prayer." The delegates all stood

management of things in his own hands and threatened to put out a lot of people. Of course, he did not do it and it could not have been a heap sight more fun if he had tried aven than there was.

The singing of the chorus of the "Star-Spansed Banner" on the floor of the convention hall was led by "Bath House John" of Chicago in the central part of the arona. The Bath House looked immense in seersucker coat with a peagreen and white-striped shirt, pompadour hair and blue polka-dot necktie, the dots being one-half inch across. He carried a slik flad in one hand and a cane in the other and he saved both as he shouled out the words of the chorus.

The olerk who read off the list of the Credentals Committee appointed by the various delegates stood while he was to read. Mr. Taylor, perfect the stood of the list of the Credentals Committee appointed by the various delegates stood while he had tried, but there are the convention and Standard to the floor and earnestly said that the had read the Declaration of 1776, "lest the account of disloyality to the present Administration at Washington." All the delegates search the call the declaration of Independent he call for the convention and Stander is any the call the declaration of the convention and stander is any the delegates search the call the declaration of Independent he call for the convention and stander is any the declaration of Independent he call for the convention and stander is any the declaration of Independent he call for the convention and stander is any the call the declaration of Independent he call for the convention and stander is any the call the declaration of Independent he call for the convention and stander is any the call the declaration of the chorus.

The singing of the chorus of the convention hall was been and played "Array he had the delegates with the was being played."

The telegate was lead by "Bath House John" of Chicago in the telegates with the said the declaration of the chorus.

The learn to the chorus of the chorus of the chorus of

Gravely plain the good pen lined it.
And the fifty-six all signed it.
Pledged their lives to seal and bind it.
True and well.
Then sudden from the steeple
Clanged the tocain of the people.
Spoke the sum of history's pages.
Pealed the thought of saints and sages.
Rang the keynote of ages,
In the bell.
Human rights how do you measure?
By your pity or your pleasure?
By your fruth or by your treasure?
Answer well.
Has your conscience grown less ample?
Has the mart become your temple?
Pagan Pluto your example.
False and fell?

False and fell?

The delegates liked the poem and wanted film to give them some more like it. He did not. Mr. Towne then made his speech opening the convention. He said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I congratulate you that it is your privilege to witness the auspicious opening of the 124th anniversary of the birthday of the Republic; and that a day so rich in the hallowed suggestions of our peculiar citizenship and in priceless memories of our national history is here dedicated to one of the most important and solemn duties that can devolve upon Americans. I congratulate you also upon the character in which you are assembled. A Silver Republican Convention is always a meeting of patriots, because it is composed of men who by their actions have shown how superior to party allegiance they hold the obligations of citizenship, and how far above the allurements of personal ambition they place the progress of a great cause and the welfare of the whole country.

"For us, as former members of the Republican

zenship, and how far above the allurements of personal ambition they place the progress of a great cause and the welfare of the whole country.

"For us, as former members of the Republican party, an especial though now melancholy interest attaches to the Declaration of Independence for the reason that when the first National Convention of that party assembled in the historic city of Philadelphia forty-four years ago last month, the inevitable associations of the party caused the adoption of a platform of which the following is the first clause of the very first resolution:

"Resolved, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Indopendence and embodied in the Federal Constitution is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions."

"A few daye ago another convention of the Republican party met in the city of Philadelphia, the date being selected as near as possible to the anniversary of the convention of 1856. But mark this startling and most significant fact: In all the numerous resolutions so skilfully framed by this convention of 1900, there appears not one resolution, not one word, not one syllable of reference to the Declaration of Independence. Could anything more clearly illustrate the decadence of that once splendid and patriotic organization? The sacred precincts of the old colonial capital sheltered for them no shade of Washington or Jefferson or Henry of Otis or Rutledge or Adams. For them there was no magic in the name of 'Philadelphia,' whose very utterance has been wont to stir the souls of four generations of Americans with memories of Independence Day, 1776.

"The present leadership of the Republican party has revolutionized the foreign policy of the Administration if persisted in.

Mr. Towne's speech was received enthusinatically. The band played and the delegates cheered when he sat down. As soon as they stopped Mr. Towne presented Senator Taller as the temporary chairman, describing him as the "Grand Old Man of Celorado," handing to him the Lincoln

by saying that grave questions of foreign and domestic policies had grown out of the Spanish war, but they could not obscure the great and unsattled question, "What shall be the financial system of the Republic." He criticised the gold standard legislation of the last Congress, spoke of the blessings of silver generally, and at length said:

"The Republican party has thrown off its mask and no longer pretends to favor even international bimetallism. It is well that it should do so, for the pledge of 1896 was made to secure votes, as was frankly admitted by leading Republicans as soon as the campaign was over. The speakers at Philadelphia in nominating their candidate glorified in the gold standard and claimed as one of their great achievements the destruction of silver money." He declared that the present prosperity of the country was due alone to the need of Europe for foodstuffs in consequence of short crops there, and that no credit for it could be given to the Republican party. Then of the trusts he said:

"When it becomes necessary to sustain the prices they have fixed they close all their factories, reduce their output and turn their laborers into the street to secure employment elsewhere, if they can, and if not able to do that, to starve. With a power more than imperial, they fix the price of their product and the price of the labor that enters into the creation of the product and create a scarcity or a surplus as their interests demand, without consideration of the rights or interests of the laborer or consumer. Demanding for themselves the full protection of the laws of the land, they bid defiance to all and every law enacted to compel them to deal justly with their employees and consumers. With a United States statute for their control declared by the highest court of the land to be constitutional, the Republican party. Many Republican officials do not hesitate to declare that trusts are the natural evolution of trade and are a national blessing, and they resist all efforts for their coptrol as an un

national bessing, and they resist at energy for their control as an unjustifiable interference with trade."

Getting around to the Philippine question, Mr. Teller said it was our plain duty to exercise sovereignty over the islands until they were capable of one of self government but until they were capable of protecting themselves, but he thought that we should pledge ourselves to make them free not when they were capable of the kind of government that we thought they ought to have but as soon as they could set up any form of government, it being his theory that a people is entitled to just as good government as it is capable of maintaining.

Senator Teller closed as follows:

"I believe the door is yet open, I believe there is yet hope, I believe Bryan represents the best element of American politics, I believe that Bryan with his courage and wisdom will lead the Democratic party into the true light of freedom and a proper administration of the affairs of this Government. He is a true man and stands for all that is of interest to us, and he and Charles A. Towne will lead to victory."

The Senator sat down and the delegates got up to whoop for Bryan and Towne. They yelled and cheered at the tops of their voices, dancing about in the aisles and standing on the seats. They waved hats, handkerchiefs and flags. Then Gen. Corser, secretary of the National Committee, presented this resolution:

"Resolved. That a committee of the fifteen."

and flags. Then Gen. Corser, secretary of the National Committee, presented this resolution:

"Resolved, That a committee of the fifteen, of which Henry M. Teller shall be chairman, be now appointed by the chairman, instructed by this convention to present to the National Democratic Convention now in session the name of the Hon. Charles A. Towne of Minnesota as the unanimous choice of this convention for the Vice-Presidency, and this committee be also instructed to ask on behalf of this convention for the appointment by the Democratic Convention of a committee so, instructed to meet in conference with the committee which shall be appointed by the National Committee of the People's party.

This was received with great enthusianm and was adopted unanimously. Then Judge Philips, the head of the California delegation, offered a resolution indorsing the action of the populist National Convention in nominating Bryan and Towne. He wanted to insist that this should be adopted so that the Democratic Convention could be informed "where the hearts of the Silver Republicans are." He was finally induced to withdraw it because the convention was not organized.

The convention adjourned till 10 o'clock to-morrow when the Committee on Credentials will report, the permanent organization will be effected, the platform will be adopted and candidates named. The Illinois delegation will make an effort to have the party name changed to "Lincoln Silver Party."

are more fully and ably treated in THE SUN'S news columns than in any other medium. Ad-vertising thus becomes more valuable in THE BUN for obvious reasons. Remember this.—Ade.

SOUTHWESTS' LOST MINES.

SEARCH FOR THE RICH PEG-LEG HAS COST MANY LIVES.

-Only One Man, a Mexican, Got Much Good From It, and He Was Murdered-Indian Superstition Keeps Some Mines Hidden. There comes a time in the life of every desert prospector in the Southwest when he has to go forth and look for the famous Pegieg pla-

Has Been Found and Lost Again Four Times

ers. In some cases one experience is sufficient, and if he is lucky enough to come through it alive he is satisfied to let others do the hunting thereafter. Then again, the disease may become chronic and he is known in the camps upon the edge of the desert as a "Peglegger. No one is surprised if he disappears utterly, because that is the general fate of the Pegleggers who do not have the luck to die by scaident within the jurisdiction of a coronor. Every winter men take up the quest. Few mineral regions in the West are with

out their legends of treasures found and lost, Washington men hunt for the deposit that Schifflin, the Diamond King who founded Tombstone, discovered just before his lonely death. Somewhere around Mono Lake in California lies the Whitman mine of which Mark Twain wrote in the book that made him famous. Southern California has the Breyfogle and the Gunsight in the Death Valley region; there is the Lee in old San Bernarding county, the Pegleg and the lost mines of the Spaniards in San Diego county, with many more whose very existence has been forgotten. Among lost mines the Pegleg occupies unique place in that it has been found and lost again at least four times. It has been hunted for in California, Arizona and across the line in Mexican territory. Its story is a record of tragedy, and the number of its vicims will not be known until the desert, like the sea, gives up its dead.

In 1837 a trapper named Smith, who was sub sequently known as "Pegleg," because of an scoident that left him with one leg. started from Yuma for Los Angeles. The old trail, which is still travelled, zigzags westward along the Mexican line between infrequent and uncertain water holes, until it climbs out of the lesert, north, by Warner's Pass, over the Palome and so down into the fertile Mission grants that now form the orange belt of California. Somewhere east of the pass Smith lost hte trail in attempting a short out and climbed the highest of three low hills to regain his bear-While reconnoitering he picked up some

lumps of black and burned looking metal with which the hill was literally covered which he supposed to be native copper. Years afterward he showed the "copper" to a miner, to whom he related the incident. The stuff was pure gold. Pegleg, on learning what he had found, promptly went crazy with excitement, developed brain fever and died. But the story got out, of course, and the search for the Pegregor treasure heart.

he found at his feet the same black and burned looking metal, but the soldier knew what it was. Loading himself with as much as he could carry of the coarse gold nuggets he made his way to Los Angeles. He told his story there to every man who took his fancy, promising them fortunes with the generosity of an autocrat in his cups, and asserting that there was gold enough on the hill he would lead them to to make a regiment of millionaires. Presently the soldier and his gang started back with a big outtit of mule teams and waggons.

to make a regiment of millionaires. Presently the soldier and his gang started back with a big outit of mule teams and waggons.

For some reason that can only be guessed at, the party did not strike back through Warner's Pass and out by the old Caroso Springs stage station, now a picturesque ruin. Probably the country in which the Pegleg was found was not passable for vehicles from the pass, and they decided upon a shorter route. Be this as it may, not one of the party was ever again seen alive. For years their fate remained one of the innumerable mysteries of the desert, until one day some prospectors whose burros had stampeded came upon the skeletons of men and mules in the foothills of the Cuymaccas that overlook the maddening desolation of the Salton Sea. Tradition has it that one of the skeletons had a bullet hole through the skuii. It may have been the soldiers, whose companions, lured to their death, were probably ripe for any violence when their plight was discovered.

The next finder of the Pegleg was a Soboba squaw. It was when the Southern Pacific was building across the waterless wastes from Yuma to the San Gorgonio Passo—through the Purgatory of the desert to the Paradise of irrigated California beyond. One day, when the rails were down as far as Salton, a half-naked squaw crawled to the construction train from the blazing south. They gave her water

the rails were down as far as Saton, a nair naked squaw crawled to the construction train from the blazing south. They gave her water and saved her life, though she was delirious for a time. Knotted in a handkerchief she had several pounds of the burnt black gold of the Pegleg, some nuggets of which she gave to the engineer. She had left the Sobola reservation, on the edge of Warner's ranch, with her buck to go to the Kookapah settlement down below Yuma, near the Blythe colony. They had somehow got off the trail east of the pass, and had run out of water. At last she had peaked the highest of Trois Picachos (three peaks, or hills) and from it had seen the smoke of the construction locomotive, miles away. On this peak she had picked up the nuggets; on the way to the railroad her man had siven up and died of thirst. All efforts to get further information from her proved futile. As she recovered she refused to talk and in a day or two went back to her own people. Every Southwesterner knows the futility of asking an Indian anything about gold. Their strongest suspersition is to the effect that to lead a white man to a gold field involves not only physical death, but spiritual torments in the hereafter.

The only person who appears to have got any good out of the Pegleg was a Mexican, a hard-riding vaquero who punched cartle and herded horses on Warner's Ranch fifteen or twenty years ago. This Mexican suddenly appeared with great wealth, wore gorgeous raiment, bucked every monte game between the Agua Caialente and Ensenada, and lorded it over the dark-eyed damsels of his race. Whenever his funds ran low he left Warner's ranch alone and returned in two days with a few thousand dollars in the burnt black gold of the Pegleg, which he deposited with the store keeper at the ranch. Gold—that is, placer gold—has an individuality of its own, and an expertenced miner can tell by looking at a nugget land when the sum is a sublack as size.

Of course attempts were made to follow the Mexican, but he frod the best horse in the s

came into San Bernardino and recorded a quartz location, describing it as nearly as he could in the absence of a survey. He hired a man to help him develop the ledge, and from that time forward until his death made periodical visits to town to buy supplies and ship the bullion that he brought in, for he reduced his own ore by means of an arastra. He was a sociable man, had many friends, and made no efforts to conceal the whereabouts of his bonanza. There are men still living in San Bernardino whom he invited to come out and lock at the property, for which he received numerous offers. Ex-Gov. Waterman, who founded Julian, was eager to buy a haif interest in the Lee, but the owner gave it out positively that he would sell to no one. For that reason, and because the location was remote and difficult of access, no one ever went out there.

One night Lee left San Bernardino to return to his mine, and was picked up next morning just outside the town with a bullet in his heart. The object of the murder was not robbery, as a sum of money and a valuable watch were found on the body. The assassin was never

caught. Lee had remarked in town that his employee at the mine was about out of supplies, so a party, including the public administrator, started at once for the mine. They failed to find it, nor has it been found to this day. In time the location became void, and Ex-Gov. Waterman published a standing offer of \$40,000 for a half interest in the mine, without investigation, to be paid to any one who found it. But mine, machinery, buildings and dumps have disappeared utterly, nor was the miner employed by Lee ever heard of again. It is generally believed that when the old shaft is relocated the skeleton of the miner will be found at the bottom, one of those accidents that constantly happen under ground having killed or crippled him in Lee's absence.

Then there is the old mine back from the Potholes in San Diego county that was worked by the Spaniards a century and more ago. When the Indians arose and killed their task-masters they filled in the shaft and obliterated the trail, but they know where it is to this day. A few years ago a Yuma agreed to show the spot to Dr. De Courcey of Yuma, but on the journey he became frightened and turned back. There is also a mine in the Gila Range that an Indian started to uncover to a white man recently, but he, too, yielded to his superstition on the road and could not be induced to go on.

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

Gen. Forsyth's Thrilling Story of Sheridan's Memorable Victory.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: An article entitled "Sheridan's Ride," by Gen. George A. Forsyth of the United States Army, now a esident of Washington, was published in Harper's Magazine for July, 1897, and from I can be obtained in a concise form as fair and correct an account of the battle as anything that has ever been presented on the subject.

Gen. Forsyth was one of the two aides-decamp (the other being the gallant Capt. Joseph 'Keeffe, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Five Forks, April, 1865) who accompanied Gen. Sheridan to Washington, whither he ad been suddenly summoned by the War Department on the 17th of October, two days be fore the Cedar Creek battle. Immediately after the Washington interview Gen. Sheridan, with his two aides, lost no time in returning to the army in the Shenandoah Valley. On his arrival at Winchester, late in the afternoon of the 18th, he sent a despatch to Gen. Wright at Cedar Creek, in command of the Union forces during Gen. Sheridan's absence, notifying him of his return and requesting any information of importance to be sent to him without delay. Everything was reported to be quiet a strong reconnoissance having been ordered to go and develop the enemy's position. So the General and his staff went to bed that night. never dreaming what was in store for them on the morrow.

Gen. Forgyth graphically relates all that happened after word was brought about day-light the next morning from the picket line, south of Winchester, of hearing firing at the front. From this time until late at night, after the last gun was fired, Gen. Forsyth was an active participant in all the stirring events of the desperate contest, receiving orders got out, of course, and the search for the Pegieg treasure began. A number of men were
in possession or clues, and had they as that
time combined their knowledge, something
might have been done, but the secretiveness
of prospectors on the track of a good thing
stood in the way, so each followed his own
path to a common failure. Others men, with
no clue whatever to guide them, trusted blindly
to luck and overran the rugged and wateriess
wastes to no profitable end. Then by chance
theli-egieg was again discovered.

A discharged soldier from Fort Yuma lost
the Los Angeies trail and met with an experlence similas to Smith's. Climbing one of the
three low hills to catch sight of Warner's Pass
he tound at his feet the same black and burned
looking metal, but the soldier knew what it

give an accurate report to his General on his return from beyond Strasburg, is full of thrilling interest.

It was Forsyth and O'Keeffe who rode side by side just behind Gen. Sheridan as he plunged along over the road at a furious pace on his splendid black charger Rienzi, followed by a large escort of ploked cavalrymen. Gen. Forsyth's vivid description of this ride and its details and all that took place until the Union army was again victorious, stands out like a moving picture. Due credit is given to Gen. Wright, to whom Gen. Forsyth was sent by Gen. Sheridan with orders to move forward his corps and attack at once, and whom he found wounded, having been shot under the chin early in the day.

Just before Sheridan reached the line of Getty's division of the Sixth Corps he was recognized as Forsyth relates, "by the troops and was greeted by a storm of cheers, and wild cries of Sheridan! Sheridan! while standards seemed to spring up out of the very earth to greet him." A few minutes later Forsyth was on the skirmish line by the side of Col. Charles R. Lowell, commanding the regular Cavalry brigade, when Lowell asked, "Is Sheridan here?" "Yes." "Thank goodness for that." Lowell exclaimed. At the same time Mr. Stillson, the well-known war correspondent, rode up and made the same lnquiry. "He is here," was Forsyth's reply. "Well, what is

Mr. Stillson, the well-known war correspondent, rode up and made the same inquiry. "He is here," was Forsyth's reply. "Well, what is he going to do about it?" asked Stillson. "He is going to whale hell out of them!" was the answer. "He can't do it," said Stillson. "Wait and you'll see," replied Forsyth. "I hope I may," responded the correspondent, "but I doubt it," and he turned and rode back to find the General.

and you'll see," responded the correspondent, "but I doubt it," and he turned and rode back to find the General.

It was Gen. Forsyth who suggested to his commander, and actually urged him after the whole line was thoroughly formed and put in readiness for attack, "to ride down it that all the men might see him, and satisfy themselves that he had returned and was in command." "At first Gen. Sheridan demurred, but his appearance was greeted by tremendous cheers from one end of the line to the other, many of the officers pressing forward to shake his hand. He spoke to them all, cheerly and confidently, saying. We are going back to our camps, men, never fear. I'll get a twist on these people yet. We'll raise them out of their boots before the day is over."

At no time, Gen. Forsyth says, did he hear him utter that "terrible oath" so often alluded to in both prose and poetry in descriptions of this day's work.

And so it came to pase that the enemy was "raised out of his boots" and a "twist" was got on those "people," which resulted in their utter rout, and one of the most magnificent victories of the whole Civil War. Had it net been for Gen. Sheridan's opportune arrival and his staying the onslauant of Early's and Longstreet's elated and triumphant forces, bringing order out of chaos, inspiriting the Union troops, turning them back to face the enemy, forming their lines and getting them in fighting trim, the consequences, unquestionably, would have been most disastrous to the Union army and the nation.

To attempt to rob Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan of the credit and glory which justly belong to him for the battle of Cedar Creek is foolish.

NEW YORK, July 2.

NEW AT THE AQUARIUM. Creatures From Bermuda and From Local

Waters Lately Added to Its Exhibits. The Aquarium received on Friday by the steamer Trinidad the first of its importations for the present year of fishes from Bermuda It is to receive three more in the course of the season. The lot received last week did not contain fishes of any kinds that have not previously been exhibited here, but there were ome examples of finer coloring or of larger size than any heretofore seen here.

There were in the lot a dozen Scotch porgies It is a familiar fact that many fishes posses the power of changing their coloring more or less; the Scotch porgy has this power to a remarkable degree, and it changes rapidly. Ordinarily it is of a light color, gray in its prevailing effect, and with a marbleized appearance, the marbled sides being also so marked as to give them an irregular mosaic appearance. Sometimes the Scotch porgy is all of one color, a pale green; sometimes it is all of a pale pinkish tint. There may be among bunch of them with marbled, mosaic, gray sides, seen together, one green fish, and it may be that that green fish will change to

sides, seen together, one green fish, and it may be that that green fish will change to mosaic while you are looking at it, in a minute or two, and they change variously from dark shades or the other way with equal rapidity. The grays that they most affect in this tank match the gravel on the bottom, but one or more of these fishes are likely to be changing a foot in length.

In this lot of fishes there were two beautifully colored sturgeon fish and three fine specimens of the trunk fish, thei curious armored fish ships, would show a triangular section. There were six spiny lobsters, good specimens of this odd, light-colored, fancifully marked creature, with its big, long feelers, shapedlike very much a tienuated fools caps. There were four relevant and before: eight angel fish, including still bigger than any the Aquarium has the largest angel the Aquarium has the largest angel the Aquarium has ever had; a doz n of four-eyed fish, the obarming little creatures with a dark spot on either side of the body close to the tall, which gives the fish, with its real eyes, the appearance of being four-eyed. There were four green parrot fishes of a coloring even more brilliant than any hereter fore seen here.

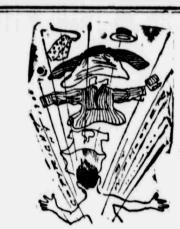
Holly, Fred Brown, R. P. R. Miller, Ed Fallcon, R. T. Metcalf and Fred W. Race. Race said to-day:

"There are seven of us who first started Bryan on his political career. Wefirst brought him out for Congressman of the Second district of Nebraska."

THE LIFE OF A GAS STOVE.

THE LIFE OF A GAS STOVE.

The length of time a gas stove may be kept in use without repairs depends, of course, upon the care taken in operating it. A reckless services and the care taken in operating it. A reckless services and the care taken in operating it. A reckless service and the care taken in operating it. A reckless service and the care taken in operating it. A reckless service and the care taken in operating it. A reckless service and the care taken in operating it. A reckless service and the care taken in operating it. A reckless serv



If the air of liberty has made too free with any of your belongings, here are clothes, shoes, hats and furnishings for man or boy-the sort to stay by.

ROGERS, PEET & COMPANY.

258 Broadway, cor. Warren, and 7 and 9 Warren St. 569 Broadway, cor. Prince, 1260 Broadway, cor. 32d, and 54 West 33d St.

CONVENTION OFFICIALS USELESS.

Denuty Sergeants-at-Arms so Filled Up the

Aisles That Delegates Had to Protest. KANSAS CITY, July 4.- The man who had the ardest job in the convention to-day was John I. Martin, the sergeant-at-arms. He had to get all the kicks that were coming to Hitchcock and others who managed things in connection with the convention. Everything would have been right and people could have heard what was going on if the aisles could have been kept clear. A part of sergeant-at-Arms Martin's job was to keep the aisles clear. He didn't discover until the morning's session was half over that the men who blocked the aisles were his deputy. Whoever appointed the deputy sergeants-at-arms and the ushers must have thought that more of these officials

were needed than there were delegates Every deputy sergeant-at-arms and doorkeeper had a badge that let him go anywhere. The result was that instead of attending to business they all growded up in the main aisles, shutting off the views of the delegates, and talking so loud that there was no possibility of anybody hearing anything. At last National Committeemar Lowe of the Alabama delegation was forced to make a motion that the sergeants-at-arms be forced to get out of the aisles. Sergeant-at-Arms Martin had been doing his level best to bring that about, but it was too big a lob for him to tackle, or for anybody else for that

SULZER'S DWINDLING BOOM.

The Declaration for Keller Disturbs but Does Not Dismay Its Owner.

KANSAS CITY, July 4 .- After the New York Keller for candidate for Vice-President yesterday afternoon the press agent of the Hon. William Sulzer made an official and, needless to say, a modest statement. He said in part: "The action of the New York State delega

tion may defeat the nomination of Mr. Sulger in the convention, as Mr. Sulzer is disinclined o have his name presented by any delegation from any other State. But in my judgment the convention will take the matter in its own hands and will see to it that Mr. Sulzer is nomi nated as Mr. Bryan's running mate, or tha some man who stands for everything Mr. Sulzer does is put on the ticket. This is no time for compromise. This is no time to mince words. The Democracy of the country will stand n trifling and the action of the New York State delegation will not satisfy the people of the West and the Southwest, who demand the nomination of a man in every way as pronounced in his views on all public questions as Mr. Sulzer is. Sulzer to-day is one of the great men of the country, and his brilliant record in Congress has appealed to the masses of the land. Just what the convention will do, of course, I cannot predict; but my judgment is that Mr. Sulzer is stronger and more available now than he ever was before. zer does is put on the ticket. This is no time for

stronger and more available now than he ever was before.

"This afternoon State delegations from the West caucused and unanimously declared in favor of his nomination. The delegation from one of the greatest States in the West says it is determined to nominate Mr. Sulzer in the convention, notwithstanding Mr. Sulzer's positive refusal to be a candidate. Mr. Sulzer is as well known in the country to-day as Mr. Bryan, and he has endeared himself to every liberty-loving citizen by the splendid record he has made for freedom and humanity."

WILL HELP TO WIN WEST VIRGINIA. Middle-of-the-Road Ticket a Good Thing for

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., July 4 .- The West Virginia Populists to-day put the following Middle-of-the-Road ticket in the field: For Governor, H.T. Houton, Monroe county: for Auditor, W. C. Raleigh, Wood county; for State Treasurer John Brenner, Hampshire county for State Superintendent of Schools, T. E. Ashburn, Doddridge county; for Supreme Court Judge, Col. J. W. Davis, Greenbrier county. For Presidential Electors-First district, J.

Presidential Electors—First district, J. Y. Gillespie, Braxton county; Second district, Dr. R. S. Davis, Hampshire county. For Congress—First district, Dr. T. C. Johnson, Harrison county; Second district, Edgar Loy, Hampshire county; Third district, Edgar Loy, Hampshire county; Third district, A. B. Thorn, Roane county. Fourth district, A. B. Thorn, Roane county. The convention was down on Bryan. The nomination of this ticket greatly increases the chances of Republican success in the State next fail.

Prohibition Candidate for President Makes His Opening Speech in Saratoga.

SARATOGA, July 4 .- John G. Woolley of Chicago made the opening speech of his campaign for the Presidency on the Prohibition ticket at the Senatorial and county conventions of his party this afternoon. His political argument was interspersed with prayers and religious references. Charles E. Robbins of Saratoga was nominated for Senator from the Twentyeighth district and A. F. Van Vorst of Burnt Hills for member of Assembly from Saratoga county.

Massachusetts Democratic Legislators Repudiate Gov. Fred Williams and 16 to 1. KANSAS CITY, July 4 .- This evening, on the

loor of the convention, Ex-Senator David Bennett Hill received a telegram, of which this is a copy: bers of Massachusetts Legislature yesterday re-

pudiated Williams's advocacy of 16 to 1. They are with you to the finish. JAMES F. MULLEN. Seven of the Original Bryan Men on Hand. KANSAS CITY, July 4.-The seven original Bryan men are here. They come from Weeping Nater, Neb. They are W. L. Cundiff, J. H. Holly, Fred Brown, R. P. R. Miller, Ed Falloon,

R. T. Metcalf and Fred W. Race. Race said to-